

**E.s.g.**  
**"Gangsta"**

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[Talking:]

You already know what it is, from Harlem to Houston  
Jae Millz, E.S.G. holla at me my nigga

[Hook:]

Cause you say you sold drugs, that don't make you a  
Gangsta  
Fighting in the club, that don't make you a gangsta  
You say you been to jail, that don't make you a gangsta  
Better listen to me man, that's his marketing plan  
Cause you dropped out of school, that don't make you  
a  
Gangsta  
O.G.'ing tattoos, that don't make you a gangsta  
These boys got you fooled, no they ain't gangstas  
Better listen to me man, that's his marketing plan

[E.S.G.:]

Now these cats get on T.V., like they animals homes  
Throw on a white T, four or five bandanas on  
Tony Montana in they songs, living like John Gotti  
But you check they background, they never shot  
nobody  
They claim they from the trap, like T.I. or Jeezy  
Claim to be a O.G., like Snoop Dogg or Eazy  
Knowing you went to Cali, won't say no names  
Had a pretty red fitted hat, he thought it was Game  
Drove up the wrong street, looking for Mary Jane  
Got popped close range, I guess he thought it was a  
Game  
Most gangstas in the Pen, the judge won't spare ya  
Like Malcolm X, Mandela, Shae Gavera  
Yeah my squad like Terror, aka a terror squad  
Catch me sipping Remy Ma, in the back prison yard  
Yep I had a murder charge, spent half my life on  
Probation  
I ain't saying do the same, homie get your education  
Better keep your credit straight, and your mind on your  
Mail  
Live your life like mine, you might end up in jail yeah

[Hook]

[E.S.G.:]

Pac and B.I.G., no we ain't forgot them  
Cops ain't arrested, no one who shot them  
Mo' money mo' problems, suppose to get better  
Feel for Afeni, like I feel for Violetta

[Jae Millz:]

Ay yo they call me Jae Millz, Tru Lenox and Banger  
These niggaz talking crazy, but I know they ain't  
Gangstas  
Not even, but you lames won't be satisfied  
Till you not breathing, something a box sleeping  
Yeah where I'm from, they shooting out all weekend  
It's Uptown nigga, lay your ass down nigga  
Across the 'Stead, shooting them canons and spit crazy  
Try to play me and I'm taking thirty shots, like I'm a  
Great  
I'm from the Apple, but I'm heavy from the H  
To the H, that's Harlem to Houston more probs no  
Solution  
So what, you just came home off a bid  
I heard you snitched it's worse, now you gotta switch  
That ain't gangsta

[Hook]

[E.S.G.:]

For nearly three summers, I was known by a number  
That's why I'm banging like Jennis, when I'm riding in  
My Hummer  
Will I live another year, the streets keep asking me  
Will I wind up locked down, like Pimp C or Cassidy  
Trying to avoid a tragedy, and stack this money  
Is the industry ready, for a down South Tsunami  
The new heir to the throne, the new Screw music king  
Boys call me Bob Johnson, I control the team  
Like I'm Pretty Boy Floyd, I control the ring  
Two time convicted felon, use to control the fiends  
I refuse to let a label, control my dream  
Refuse to talk about just, cars and bling-bling  
Y'all repeating the same thing, we can't have that  
How many people you cats, plan to kill in your raps  
Cause the ice and Maybach, your label rented that  
When the video is over, you gotta give it back  
Said the ice and Maybach, your label rented that  
When the video is over, you gotta give it back g'eah

[Hook]

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